

-----  
Title: Wishing on the Well of Pity (Book 2)

Author: Vinco Omni  
-----

Book Two.

As Old Age Takes It's  
Toll, Things Just  
Aren't What They  
Used to Be.

Chapter 1.

Queen Jade lays  
awake, clutching the  
sheets in pain. She is  
dying. Rufus weeps  
by her side, holding  
her hand tight, and a  
tear rolls down his  
face. He tells her how  
much he loves her,  
and what to do when  
she's gone. He is  
frantic. His hands are  
shaking and clammy  
with perspiration  
caused by his  
mourning anxiety, his  
forehead drenched in  
sweat from the fear  
and panic put on by  
this tragic event. The  
last words muttered  
out of Jade's mouth  
were, "I'll love you  
forever, as much as  
you loved me back  
then." Her eyes rolled  
back, her limbs went  
weak, and her  
breathing ceased.  
Rufus nodded in  
approval. No, not  
harmonic approval,  
but solemn approval.  
He understands that  
this had to happen  
someday, for we all  
don't live forever, do  
we? Must we reap  
these heavy burdens  
as each one of them  
takes their toll upon

innocent lives? Even  
kings and queens are  
but pawns on this  
massive earth. You  
can't control it from  
happening, you can't  
stop it from moving.  
Death captures  
everyone at one time or  
another. But why all  
this dramatacism if  
they are only pawns?  
Because everyone has  
feelings. Everyone  
loves. Everybody  
hurts, cries, feels  
sorrow, feels  
anguish, has happy  
times, has sad times,  
and has the best and  
worst of all that has  
and is yet to come.  
Everyone lives such a  
great and prosperous  
life, and yet it's  
thrown all away from  
one little moment. One  
moment is yet all we  
have to capture a  
lifetime of memories.

## Chapter 2.

The picture frames  
that bear her face are  
covered in black.  
Today is the day of  
the funeral. Rufus  
decides not to watch,  
and keeps to himself  
in his chambers. The  
jesters and the  
concubines try and  
console him, and tell  
him that everything  
will be okay and will  
work out to an  
advantage, but deep  
down in everyone's  
lying hear, they know  
it's not true. How  
could it be? Jade has  
died. Rufus' one and  
only love, his flower  
of light, his beam of  
contentment, all  
washed away on this  
sad tide of dark water.  
He gazed out of the  
now black curtains

into the courtyard  
where the burial was  
taking place. His eyes  
were fixated on the  
casket. The only  
thoughts that could  
enter his mind were  
of sadness.

Could he go on living?

He didn't know, nor  
did he want to find  
out. He thought that  
this may very well be  
the end of it all. The  
heat rose to an  
scorching degree.  
Tears rolled down his  
cheeks, and his eyes  
were full of water.  
And if you gazed into  
his eyes for a moment  
or two, you would see  
an ocean. The ocean  
where his wife's  
casket was laid on a  
boat and put out to sea.  
This was the common  
burial custom of the  
days, and it was not  
uncommon for royalty  
to do this. Perhaps  
you're wondering why  
this tale is so sad?  
Perhaps we all  
wonder why life is so  
sad. But actually, in  
some perspective, it's  
not.

->

Chapter 3.

Life is flowing. Life  
is beautiful, life is all  
around us and is  
everything as it  
moves. Look no  
further than your  
shadow and you will  
find life and living.  
Look inbetween the  
lines for the answers  
to life's riddles. As  
you gaze into the well  
of pitiful wishes, look

deeper than into the  
stone and wood. Look  
into your soul. As you  
see the water moving,  
or as Rufus watches  
the water moving, he  
notices the ripples.  
They echo through out  
the pool. The ripples  
take form, they take  
shape into more  
ripples. And those into  
more, and more, and so  
on. For life is one  
giant splash in the  
wishing well. And the  
ripples are our  
conscience, feelings,  
empathy, and ethics.  
If you look around this  
room you might notice  
the great possessions.  
But in this day, in  
this age of prosperity  
and wealth, the  
possessions don't  
matter. They are  
worthless rocks in a  
quarry of stones.  
Another tear drops  
from his eye, falling  
into the well and  
creating more ripples.  
Rufus turns away  
from the window and  
walks through his  
large chamber doors.  
He walks down the  
steps, stair by stair,  
until he reaches the  
bottom and looks  
down the long hall. He  
sees his only son and  
two daughters coming  
in the front door, both  
crying, and both  
adorning black  
clothing from head to  
toe. The older of the  
two sisters, tried to  
console her older  
brother and younger  
sister. Rufus' son,  
Ludos, walks to his  
father and tells him  
that it will be okay.  
Rufus puts his hand  
on his sons shoulder

and says "Yes, yes it will be some day my son."

Two months later. . .

Things were back to normal. The King was taking care of his royal duties, the princesses were both engaged to be married, and the prince was on a trip to a foreign country to study the arts. . .

Chapter 4.

Today was the day of Kira's wedding. The older of the two sisters was finally getting married. The day had come. The castle was prepared, the royal guards were on their alert, and the reception hall was fully open and ready for those who were staying. As you walk into the reception hall, you see that everything is draped in white. There are a dozen white roses on every table, and one hundred white roses placed on the altar, some in honor of Jade, some in honor of the wedding. On each table rested six glasses, and three bottles of the finest and most elegant champagne in all of the country.

An hour later. . .

The trumpets played, and the wedding had begun. The bride, locking arms with her father walked down the aisle. One step at a time, one tear for each step..

"Where have I heard  
this before?" Rufus  
thought.

One tear for each  
memory, one ripple  
for each laugh, one  
step for each tear. One  
wishing well to cast  
your pity in. One  
bride, one groom. The  
day was sunny and  
beautiful. The birds  
chirped, and the  
trumpets ceased. ->

Chapter 5.

"I do," she said.

And then they kissed.

The wedding was  
over, and the reception  
began. Rufus stood up  
and tapped his glass,  
and pronounced that  
he had a toast.

"This has been the  
best and worst year of  
my life. A great joy, a  
great sorrow. Many  
things have occurred  
in this year. . ." And  
he went on. ->

. . .The End. . .  
(of Book 2)

mySithie@hotmail  
.com

Thank you.